Discoveries

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/7103074.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	JustFuckMeUp, Hannibal Cre-Ate-ive, Tentacles, Tentacle Sex, Will has tentacles, Mildly Dubious Consent, Hannibal is Hannibal, Hannibal is fascinated, I tried to make it into a serious fic, not sure I managed, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Filthy, kink fest, Creature Will Graham, No mpreg, lots of tentacles, you are warned, Consentacles, Creature Fic, Dark Will, deep penetration, Anal Gaping, Slight sounding, Bottom Hannibal, Alternate Universe - Creatures & Monsters, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Hannibal Cre-Ate-Ive Challenges
Collections:	#JustFuckMeUp Kink Fest
Stats:	Published: 2016-06-05 Completed: 2017-01-10 Words: 9,378 Chapters: 2/2

Discoveries

by DrJLecter

Summary

The day was supposed to be normal and eventless. Just a little murder in between. Nothing special. Then things turned weird.

Note: I'll be adding to this randomly and when the mood strikes.

Notes

This is my entry for the Hannibal Cre-Ate-Ive #JustFuckMeUp Kink fest. Enjoy and kink away :D

Translated into Russian by SweetTeaTime to be found here

(not betaed)

Chapter 1

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Hannibal eyed the cave his next victim had disappeared into. The man was a cave diver and his current obsession got him to drive out here almost every day for weeks now.

It was perfect, really. This part of the Chesapeake Bay was remote and even if there'd be people around nobody would try the slippery and steep path down sharp rocks in the cold drizzle.

It took great care to walk along the narrow ledge into the darkness without losing his footing in his plastic suit, but he's been here several times over the last nights and knew his way around by now.

Right next to him the roaring water washed in and out of the cave and the sounds were deafening for several more minutes before the water finally flowed in calmer motions into the depths of the cave.

When he thought he'd heard something, he slowed down and waited for a few seconds.

There wasn't anything out of the ordinary until an unexpected scream erupted into the echoing cave.

With a tilt of his head he concentrated on extracting sounds that shouldn't be here, splashes not fitting into the rush of streaming water.

He was more on guard now as he continued to walk into the darker parts of the cave, wondering what could have made the man scream in terror and pain. Curious.

The first light installments appeared just in time with the last daylight vanishing around a corner. Spotlights illuminated the water and walls, making everything glow around him in an eerie light.

What he saw when stepping into the first bigger cavern made him pause.

He'd found his victim, but apparently he hadn't been the only one who'd had an eye on him.

The man was half lying on the rocky shore of a dark lake, half in its black waters vanishing in the deep blackness behind the light of the floodlights. He had a bleeding head wound and streaks of blood in the water told Hannibal there must be a more serious injury somewhere else.

The water that should be almost calm here was rippling in endless small waves as if something was stirring it from below.

Hannibal took a deep breath through his nose to try to find something out of the ordinary, his eyes and ears strained to pick up clues about what might have had happened. He stepped closer slowly and carefully, expecting an attack any second now.

A soft splash alerted him to a movement next to the body.

With raised eyebrows, he watched as a grey-blue tentacle slowly rose out of the water to glide over the hip of the dead man, grip the belt and almost gently started to pull it back into the water. It appeared it tried to be sneaky about it.

Hannibal cocked his head in amusement. Carefully he stepped closer, but the tentacle slithered back into the water immediately. For a moment everything went quiet and calm.

Then the water started to whirl now, bubbling as if boiling and Hannibal tensed. Something unusual was going on.

He expected everything, from an octopus to one of those legendary sea monsters dragging whole ships under the sea. What he didn't expect was a human form to emerge from the water and look at him with huge blue eyes.

The man was naked. Dark hair hanging dripping around his face, smooth chest, lean muscles… a lower body turning into countless tentacles…

That was surprising as well.

Unexpected.

The… creature… moved closer to the edge, water around him churning with slithering and writhing movement, eyes on him. It was clearly on guard and Hannibal stayed still and waited. This was fascinating. A new species? An old species? A hybrid, bred in some lab?

Before he could do anything, the creature had gripped the body with both hands in the blink of an eye and dragged it under water, eyes never leaving him until sinking under the surface and vanishing in its black depths.

He was left standing there at a bit of a loss, wondering if somehow the light in the cave had played some tricks on him. But he wasn't one to be easily fooled, so Hannibal was quite sure he had indeed seen a young man with tentacles instead of legs and hips.

He was about to turn around and leave with the intention to come back at a later date, when a thick tentacle shot out of the water to wrap around his ankle. Before he could even think of getting his knife, there was a sharp powerful pull hauling him off his feet.

He managed to catch himself before his head hit the rock, but he couldn't prevent being dragged into the ice cold water. For a moment his plastic suit kept the coldness away as he was drawn underwater, but then all at once the freezing coldness hit him and he couldn't stop air leaving his lungs in shock.

The grip around his ankle was bruising and tight so he gave up the idea to struggle as he was pulled down. It was too dark to see anything under water, but he thought he saw the

movement of tentacles all around him. Something brushed against his hands.

He just hoped that the creature would drag him to a place where he could breathe or he'd soon find an end so different from what he'd imagined for himself.

Blinking spots had already appeared in his vision and his lungs hurt when he finally felt a sharp pull upwards to what he hoped was the surface. He had never been happier about his regular swimming schedule and his highly developed endurance.

Gradually it became lighter until he suddenly broke through the surface taking deep gasping breaths to fill his lungs with much needed air.

Hannibal curiously looked around. He found himself in a big cave, illuminated through small holes in the ceiling. The creature stayed under water for the moment. Only the hard grip on his leg and the occasional tentacle breaking through the surface of the water showed him that he wasn't alone.

He kept himself afloat with his arms, but a sharp tug from the tentacle pulled him towards what appeared to be a small beach on the far end of the grotto. He saw the dead diver lying on a pile of what seemed to be human bones.

The creature appeared to be a very apt hunter and Hannibal wondered why he was still alive. It would be a truly spectacular way to die and he wouldn't mind it all that much, but he'd prefer to study this wondrous man some more.

Feeling ground under his other foot he awkwardly tried to move forward with hands until he finally sat on the dry sand. The hard grip on his ankle lessened somewhat, but didn't vanish. Instead there was a second tentacle moving out of the water towards his other foot. Hannibal stayed still and waited to see what would happen next.

For a few moments the water calmed down, but he didn't doubt that he was watched closely. His suspicion was confirmed when he shifted minutely and the grips on his ankles tightened immediately.

He stilled again and wondered how long this would last. He very much would like to get out of the plastic suit currently keeping a huge amount of cold water trapped inside and around his body.

Then, finally, the creature rose out of the water about two or three meters away from him.

Its eyes roamed all over his body and his face was drawn in a frown as if it was trying to solve a particularly hard riddle. It was a beautiful man and Hannibal would estimate him in his thirties, but couldn't be sure in the dim light.

"Hello," the sound of his voice echoed in the cave and the creature flinched back, staring at him wide eyed.

He probably hasn't had the chance to hear a human voice besides shrieks of terror.

"My name is Hannibal. Do you have a name? Do you understand me?"

He cocked his head clearly trying to figure out what was going on, probably surprised about his lack of the usual reactions. There was clear intelligence in those eyes and Hannibal felt a bubble of excitement in his gut. What a wonderful development of a day that wasn't supposed to be anything special.

Carefully it swam a bit closer to the shore while the grip around his legs lessened.

The two tentacles started to gently tap along his legs as if trying to figure out why he was covered in weirdly smooth and hard material instead of the usual soft fabric.

He must be an anomaly to the usual encounters he'd had with humans.

More tentacles appeared in the shallow water around him now. He saw all kinds of them, small and agile to thick and sturdy looking.

Several of them started to glide over his suit as well now, curious, searching, feeling.

When the first appendage slid over his hand, Hannibal carefully turned his palm to gently wrap his fingers around the wriggling limb. He'd had octopus for dinner of course, but feeling the muscle move was a peculiar sensation even through the plastic. He wished he could feel it on his skin.

The creature made a soft sound and Hannibal looked up. His gaze was fixated on where his hand was almost stroking the agile tentacle.

"I'm not going to hurt you. I would appreciate if you'd return the courtesy."

Blue eyes flitted to his face for a second and once again Hannibal marveled at the exquisite features he possessed. He looked frustrated though and the tentacles started to tug more insistently on the folds of his protection suit.

Hannibal tilted his head in thought.

"You want me out of this, don't you?"

He slowly let go of the thin limb to lift his hand towards the zipper at his throat, but he didn't get far before he found himself pushed onto his back pinned down to the ground by several of the strong and heavy appendages. The countless tentacles twitched and writhed in agitation, slithering across his suit, leaving wet traces behind. The creature snarled.

Taking a deep breath he murmured soothingly, "You're curious. I was just trying to help you to sate your curiosity."

By now Hannibal was quite sure that he wasn't understood, but the soft sound of his voice seemed to calm it down again, so he continued to talk.

"What should I call you? It seems rude to call you creature."

He didn't get a reaction besides one of the bigger limbs gliding over his chest, following the white line of the zipper upwards to his throat.

“I think I will call you Will.”

It probably wasn’t the first time Will had undressed someone before considering how quickly he figured out how to open his zipper and pulled it down. The sound echoed through the cave obscenely loud and sent a shiver through him. Once the suit was open some of the remaining water flooded down onto the sand.

There was a triumphant smile on Will’s face and he came closer, rising out of the water far enough that his arms had to support him.

Hannibal looked up to his face, searching for anything that might help him to move the situation along, wherever it was going.

When the first tentacle surged into his open suit and wormed its way under his clothes he started to get an idea of Will’s ultimate goal.

He almost snorted in amusement. Of course he’d heard of anime and hentai and the special brand of tentacle erotica and pornography, but he’d never assumed that these fantasies could be based on reality.

He wondered if Will would kill him in the process or if he could survive this relatively unharmed. Hannibal didn’t take him for a cold blooded killer even if there was a pile of bones with a body on top just a few meters away. He assumed that Will killed them for food, so chances were that Will wasn’t out for his blood. Still, some of these tentacles were big enough to do him serious harm if used to penetrate him.

When the first cool limb had managed to work its way under his jacket and shirt to touch his stomach, he drew in a long breath.

“Will.”

Even on his clammy skin he could feel the soft almost tickling contact.

“Will. If you’d allow, I would get rid of the suit altogether. It’s getting rather uncomfortable now.”

Will’s eyes found his face again and he tilted his head in thought.

Hannibal looked deliberately to his right hand, still pinned down and gave a careful push upwards.

He couldn’t keep his smile off his face when the limb actually eased its grip and to his delight Will smiled back. A smaller tentacle trailed along his chest and up to his throat.

“I’m not going to run away, Will.”

Apparently the vibrations of his voice fascinated him. A soft suckling feeling alerted him to the fact that one of the suckers seemed to have attached itself to his Adam’s apple.

Another one had started carding through his hair, while several others worked to open his plastic suit further

“Will.”

Hannibal obviously hadn’t overestimated his intelligence as Will seemed to react to the name now, slowing his probing search. In the pause he tried to carefully wriggle out of the sleeve of his right arm and Will seemed to catch on.

He left Hannibal enough room to finally work his way out of the constricting piece of plastic bit by bit, until he was lying back down in just his suit. His ankles and wrists were pinned down again right away, just to be sure, and it amused Hannibal.

Then all bets seemed off and Will began to explore in earnest. Tentacles slid under his sleeves and pants, they were back in his hair, on his face and Hannibal felt them tugging at his shirt buttons. The tentacles were wet and cool and Hannibal shivered at the feeling of them covering almost all of his bared skin.

It wasn’t an arousing feeling so far and Hannibal had no idea what Will was expecting of him, so he imagined himself into nicer and more stimulating surroundings and focused on the shadowy face near his feet.

Hannibal wondered if he’d ever taken the time to explore a human body before killing and eating them. Will eyes were roaming everywhere, his face set in wide eyed excitement.

There were smaller limbs following the line of his jaw, circling his ears and one was fascinated with the form of his nose and cheekbones. Will mimicked the touches with his fingers on his own face and Hannibal pondered if the tentacles were as sensitive as fingers.

The sudden sound of his shirt ripping apart and buttons landing nearby made him twitch and suddenly there were countless touches on his torso, limbs gliding over his stomach, stroking his sides. Will’s lips were parted and his eyes closed, clearly enjoying what his tentacles were feeling. The warmth of his skin and body was probably was a unique sensation to him, something special and rare.

A tiny tendril curled in his belly button and Hannibal sucked in his stomach to avoid the sudden tickling feeling, a reaction that seemed to amuse Will who leaned closer now. His chest hair seemed of particular charm to him. Several tentacles have started to stroke through it, pull at it and circled around his nipples. The caresses were soft and gentle so far, the suckers connecting with his skin in teasing nibbles and he was slowly getting used to the touches, the way they slithered over his skin.

Hannibal relaxed, letting go of the last of the tension he’d been holding.

A moment later the tentacles started to work on his belt and he wished Will would give him his hands to help. He’d really liked that suit.

When the cool air flowed into his opened pants, he couldn’t keep in the soft gasp and the tentacle that had been gently caressing his lips for a while took the chance to slip in. He

stomped down on the urge to forcefully bite down as he saw Will's reaction to the sudden moist heat around his appendage. A quiet moan echoed through the cave and Hannibal felt the first real spark of arousal fire along his spine.

The tentacle carefully felt around his mouth, stroking over his tongue in timid thrusts and Hannibal tasted the clear lake water on the soft weirdly smooth texture. Feeling adventurous he sucked for a moment, wondering what would happen.

Will gasped and the tentacle startled violently, tensing and shoving down his throat for a moment, before drawing back. Hannibal was glad that he had almost no gag reflex as a second feeler pressed between his lips, clearly seeking for the same pleasure in his throat. He bent his head backwards to open his throat for them, his eyes straining to watch Will who was clearly affected now.

His trousers were dragged down abruptly. Two larger appendages wriggled under his hips to lift him off the ground and he marveled at the strength while he sucked on the wriggling limbs filling his mouth, swirling his tongue around them.

Considering the arousal displayed on Will's face as he watched his lips stretch around the intrusion he doubted it would take much longer before they'd seek for the same experience in other places. His boxers and his pants went down to his knees and finally off his legs together with his shoes. The air hitting his half hard shaft caused him to buck upwards.

Strong, long tentacles as thick as arms curled around his hips to keep him afloat and spread his legs wide. The vulnerable position this put him in sent shivers through his body and he had to concentrate hard to stop the trembling in his thighs.

There were so many sensations now, it was hard to stay focused on anything. His nipples were teased and rubbed, his sensitive inner thighs stroked and when a tentacle curled around his cock he moaned around his mouthful. The vibrations caused everything to tighten around him and for a moment he was completely suspended in the air.

A splash alerted him and with great difficulty he opened his eyes to see Will had left the water almost completely now and sat between his spread legs. His eyes were intense, half hidden behind drying curls of his dark hair.

They stared at each other and the intensity caused a sharp heat to crackle in his lower abdomen and Hannibal felt his dick twitch in the confines of the limb. Will's eyes swayed down to it.

The soft coil tightened and started to move up and down in a slow and steady rhythm, while the pointed tip swirled around the head of his cock, playing with the foreskin. Sharp spikes of pleasure crackled along his nerve endings and it didn't take long before he was fully hard and leaking, gasping for air past the limbs thrusting into his mouth.

When he felt the first probing touches at his hole he was mentally prepared and as relaxed as he would get. It pushed in relentlessly and forceful and Hannibal groaned at the same time as Will did.

He was relieved that it was one of the thin ones, the stretch barely there. It was the weirdest sensations he'd ever felt as the wriggling and agile intruder worked its way deep into his body, brushing along his inner walls.

There was nothing to ease the way and the further the limb pressed in the thicker it became until the drag became noticeable and uncomfortable. Finally the forward movement stilled and Hannibal gave a relieved sigh. Suddenly, the tentacles withdrew from his mouth and he was able to take the first deep breaths in minutes.

He was lying there, panting as Will hoisted himself further on the shore, his eyes glued to where the tentacle vanished into him. Hannibal wanted to touch him, but the twitch of his hand was answered by a tightening of the grip holding him.

"Will," he gasped and with satisfaction he saw the intense gaze snap up to his face promptly.

The second tentacle suddenly pressing into him stung, but the glide was smoother. He suspected it was one of those he'd slicked with his spit. Carefully he shifted his hips, trying to get used to the feeling of being filled even more. A small tendril promptly followed the outline of his abdominal muscles eagerly.

He only realized he'd closed his eyes when he felt actual fingers on his thighs. Looking down, he found Will in fascination with the soft hair covering his skin, palms stroking over his thighs as if he wasn't currently fucking him with two tentacles and teasing his skin with about a dozen others.

His torso was covered in small red marks where the suckers had worked over his skin. He must look deprived and debauched, spread out, used and marked.

Hannibal let out a small groan as the second limb pushed in further, spreading him wider with purpose now. His muscles protested and the sting was bright. He was no stranger to pain, but this kind of burning ache was so different and seemed to affect him stronger.

Will gripped his thighs and pushed them upwards and further apart, while he was now actively stretching him. Hannibal groaned as he felt his rim being widened even more. Cold air touched his insides and the contrast to the heat of his body sent goosebumps racing all over his skin.

He didn't know where the lube like substance came from and he wasn't in any condition to ask, but suddenly the glide turned smooth and easy and he grunted as the intrusion went deeper than before. For a moment there were fingers probing his rim, pulling, pushing in and out between the tentacles already in there. Hannibal moaned.

The third tentacle was almost too much, but there was nothing he could do to prevent it pushing in alongside the others. He felt full to the bursting and the feeling wasn't entirely good anymore. Forcing himself to not tense up, he gripped the thick arm of the tentacle holding his right arm down in an attempt to show his discomfort.

The first brush against his prostate got him to arch of the ground in a spasm, his muscles locking up at the force of the pleasure spreading through his abdomen.

Will gasped in shock as Hannibal clenched tightly around him and then he chased exactly that feeling by repeating the motion again and again, pressing against Hannibal's swollen prostate over and over.

The three tentacles started an undulating rhythm, never moving at the same time and Hannibal saw stars. The squelching sounds were obscene and his body was twitching with the myriad of sensations, his breath coming in short bursts and his cock was painfully hard and straining against the limb jerking him off.

By now Will was almost towering over him with his hands on both sides of his hips. His eyes were glued to his body, rocked back and forth by the force of the thrusts into him.

Hannibal could make out the outline of gills behind his ears, half covered by long curls. He had the vague sense of curiosity before a particularly deep push whitened his vision.

His orgasm had been building rapidly but it still came as a surprise punch to the gut. His body seized up and he froze, breath stuck in his chest for endless seconds when his come splattered high on his chest and stomach.

Hannibal collapsed back down, completely loose and exhausted now. Fingers and tentacles alike started to draw over his body through the mess on his skin while his tired muscles still twitched in aftershocks. The tentacles in his ass had stopped moving, still pressed deep into him.

His breath and heart rate slowed down and with tired eyes he watched as Will carefully explored him with his fingers. He touched his now soft shaft, the rim stretched around the intrusion, the come on his skin and in his chest hair. Hannibal could fall asleep to the gentle contact if it weren't for the cold air and hard ground underneath him.

He wondered if he would die now. Another body on the pile. Dinner.

The irony made him smile.

He didn't tense as Will bent down to lick a broad sweep over his stomach, catching come and sweat with his tongue. His skin was over sensitive and Hannibal let out a small sound.

Suddenly Will shoved himself backwards, tentacles unwrapping from his body, leaving him bereft. The limbs spearing him open retreated last with wet sounds and left him gaping wide open. It was a peculiar feeling and Hannibal shifted carefully to test how sore he was.

Will had retreated back into the water and his head was barely visible, dark eyes watching him.

Hannibal took it as a sign that he was allowed to live. Tentatively he sat up, ignoring his protesting muscles and without breaking eye contact his started to dress in the more or less intact remains of his clothes.

"That was very satisfying, Will. Thank you."

Will tilted his head as if puzzled.

“I would appreciate it though if you’d take me back to the main cave. I have an opera to attend tonight.”

For a moment they stared at each other before Hannibal slowly stepped back into the water. The icy temperatures on his heated skin stopped his breath for a moment. Before he could get used to it his ankle was once again gripped tight and he found himself being dragged under water.

The trip was quick this time, as if Will was hurrying to get him back.

Hannibal felt as if he’d run a marathon when he finally climbed back up to the path through the cave. Everything was sore and hurt, but the experience had left him sated and satisfied. He turned around and looked down to the lake where Will was still swimming, the water around him churning with movement.

The sensible thing would be to spin a believable story about this and report it to the authorities. Will would end up as a science experiment in some aquarium, poked and prodded and examined.

Hannibal found that he didn’t like the thought.

“I will clean up here, so no evidence will be found. When someone comes to investigate anyway, just stay hidden until the worst has passed. Maybe you should hunt in different waters for a while.”

He didn’t expect an answer, so he started to turn away.

“Sure, will do. See you.”

Hannibal whipped around to stare at the waves left behind by Will.

Well. This was unexpected.

With a smile on his lips he started the trek back to his car. What a delightful day this had turned out to be.

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Rediscovery

Chapter Summary

Once something grips Hannibal's interest he's not going to just let it go. So of course he goes looking for tentacled Will.

Chapter Notes

People demanded more of this. So here you are!!

Thank you Llew for the great beta job you did. As usual :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal couldn’t stop thinking about the incident.

He kept replaying moments at the oddest times, especially while sitting in front of particularly bland patients with mundane problems. There were so many things to discover and now that he knew Will understood and could answer, the missed opportunity sat like a very uncomfortable pressure somewhere deep in his chest.

He was distracted.

It was… challenging.

Naturally, Hannibal had gone back to the cave. He’d watched out for news about the vanished diver, but besides a single report of his going missing there was nothing else, not even in Tattle Crime.

The cave had been empty and he wasn’t sure if he was glad or disappointed that Will had taken his advice.

He didn’t mind the dreams that left him panting, hot and sated. It helped him keep the memories vivid and fresh for the new place he was building just for Will in his mind palace. He’d decided on a small grotto, walls glistening with moisture and shiny minerals, water crystal clear and icy cold, a diffuse light source producing a soft turquoise and aquamarine shine.

When Hannibal caught himself thinking about taking a drive to the Chesapeake Bay for no other reason than to hope Will finds him, he wondered if he’d underestimated the way his quiet life in Baltimore bothered him after all these years.

Did he feel chained and trapped? He hadn't thought so, but the encounter in the cave had been like a slap to the face of a drowning man, and suddenly he had started to breathe fresh air again where he had been suffocating before.

Hannibal stared at himself in the mirror and wondered if he should leave this life behind and start a new one somewhere else. The chances of meeting Will again seemed slim and he shouldn't count on it.

With a deep breath he straightened his suit jacket and tie and left the house.

He would give himself a weekend in the house on the cliff to think about everything. The fact that it was a cliff not too far away from Will's cave helped. Hannibal had learned early on in his life that lying to himself never worked out.

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It took a while, but before the afternoon went by, he had managed to wake the house out of its slumber and cooked a light meal to take with him to the rocky beach. Afterwards, he leisurely strolled down a small path winding down a less steep part of the cliff until he found himself on a small isolated spit covered in rocks and boulders of all sizes.

He had everything he thought he might need for a longer stay at the foot of the cliff in a bag slung over his shoulder, and under his arm he carried a blanket.

For a moment Hannibal looked around in thought. Will was a predator. He probably didn't need to hunt humans to survive and yet there had been an impressive pile of bones in his cave. So if you wanted to get a predator to notice you, it wouldn't be enough to stand around at a beach and stare out over the sea.

Hannibal climbed over the wild array of boulders, some bigger than himself, and spread the blanket over an impressive rock sitting in the deep water further away from the beach.

Crouching down, he stripped off his shoes and socks and folded his pants up to his knees. Scooting forward, he let his legs dangle over the edge until he felt the water around his calves. It was warm enough to stay in it for quite a while without risking negative effects and the small waves where no danger to his suit pants.

Hannibal pulled one of his legs back up and with the knife he brought with him, he produced a clean cut at the back of his calf, not deep enough to need stitches, but enough to bleed for a while. The scent of his blood should broadcast his presence to be noticeable to Will if he wasn't too far away.

Putting his leg back into the water, he saw the red streaks float away and with a satisfied nod, he took out his book and started to read.

The first brush against his ankle was light and careful and Hannibal wondered for a moment if he'd imagined it. The second one was definitely there, firmer and followed by the familiar feeling of something cool wrapping tightly around his ankle.

Hannibal put his book away and scanned the dark waters rippling before him with anticipation.

It took another minute or so before finally Will showed his head and looked at him from a few meters away, his eyes directed to somewhere around his chin. Hannibal smiled.

He was even more beautiful in daylight and he let his eyes roam over his delicate features and wet curls with pleasure. Will's eyes were a deep blue.

"Hello, Will. Or maybe you want to tell me your real name…?"

Will threw a glance to the beach, scanning the surroundings quickly before swimming a bit closer.

"Will is fine," he replied cautiously. His voice was rough. Unused to talking then.

For a few moments they stared at each other and Hannibal wondered what Will would do next.

"You were looking for me," he finally said while the tentacle wound itself further upwards around his leg, the tip finding the cut on his leg to stroke over it. It was a downright possessive gesture and Hannibal reveled in it.

"That is correct. I wanted to see you again. You made me curious."

Will frowned. "You're not afraid."

"Should I be?"

Will threw him a dark look. "You're not wearing that weird thing today. I know you picked it up from the cave."

Hannibal took the change of topic in stride.

"It wasn't necessary today."

Will tilted his head in thought, his blue-grey eyes suddenly fixed on his, intense and searching.

"You're a predator. You were there to hunt that man. You're hunting your own kind and now you lured me here."

Hannibal was taken aback in surprise for a moment. That was an astoundingly accurate deduction. How utterly fascinating.

"And yet you are still here."

"Yes." He licked his lips and Hannibal wondered how he would taste. "You are different from everyone I've ever met of your kind, and…"

Hannibal watched with fascination as Will seemed to blush, a darker shade spreading over his cheeks. “The others always just screamed and fought and it was no fun. I ripped them apart. Their insides were warm. I like what we did better. Less messy. You made better sounds.”

Hannibal shivered in delight. He wished their eyes would meet again.

“I’m not opposed to doing it again.” Slowly Hannibal started to shrug his suit jacket off his shoulders and Will’s eyes went wide and hungry.

Before he could protest, slick and wet tentacles tried to help him, tugging at his sleeves and buttons.

“Will, please, let me…”

Amusement shone in his wide eyes. “You like your covers very much.”

“That is indeed the case and I would appreciate it if the suit remained intact this time.” Will was making fun of him, but he realized he didn’t mind all that much as those bluish grey eyes twinkled up to him.

The tentacles withdrew, but weren’t drawn back into the water, merely gliding over the surface in restless movements. Will was waiting to pounce again, to grip and hold him down, tight around his arms and legs. Hannibal couldn’t wait.

He started to unbutton his shirt quickly. While he folded it to put it on the blanket next to him, Will swam a bit closer, watching and waiting.

“Where were you born?”

“In the water,” he answered distractedly, his eyes following his fingers as they folded his vest and shirt. The wind was cool on his skin and he felt goosebumps travel across his chest and neck. Will’s eyes roamed over his torso, stopping for a moment on his nipples.

“Are there others like you?”

That finally got a reaction.

“You talk too much. Your words are like poison, trying to find a way into my head.” The words were uttered in a deep growl and Hannibal lifted his arms in a placating gesture as the grip around his legs tightened painfully and threatened to pull him into the water.

“I apologize.”

For a moment neither of them moved.

Finally, very slowly, the tight grip on his legs eased and Hannibal quickly got up to slip out of his suit pants and underwear, careful not to get any blood on the garments. Then he waited, his cock already half hard, growing harder with every moment of Will staring at his body with heated hunger and need.

“Will?” he finally asked after what felt an eternity and the word was barely spoken before Hannibal found himself gripped and pulled forwards into the cool water, dipping under the surface with a loud splash.

For a moment he was suspended in the cool water and with wonder he managed to catch the first glance of Will in his full glory. He was beautiful. His body was muscled and sleek. Powerful. Pale smooth skin stretched over a strong form. The skin tone changed right under his hip bones, turning into the dark greyish blue shades of his tentacles, almost blurring into the background.

Where his legs should start five or six limbs as thick as arms spread out under him, moving smoothly and obviously keeping him afloat. They vanished into the dark depths of the water before he could see the end of them. In between there was just a huge mass of movement of an undefined number of tentacles in all lengths and girths.

Hannibal got pushed back up to the surface before he could take it all in. He blinked the salty water out of his eyes, taking a deep breath. He found Will had closed the distance a considerable amount and was now barely an arm’s length away. Will seemed to wait for some kind of reaction, focussing hard on his face, but Hannibal stared into those deep eyes with calm acceptance.

After a moment of pause, strong tentacles curled around his wrists and his torso and pushed him against the rough surface of the rock behind him. He gasped at the impact. The slithering feeling of touches all over his skin made him shudder, his body remembering the pleasure of last time.

He let himself relax into the hold and spread his legs as best as possible.

Will cocked his head.

“You really want this,” he said in surprise.

“I do. I enjoyed it. I enjoyed watching you taking what you wanted from me, fulfilling your need.” He ended in a moan as suddenly Will’s hand found his hard member, cool fingers wrapping around it in a firm grip. His thumb teased his foreskin.

“You are weird,” the creature said, a slight tilt to his lips. He sounded amused.

He tightened his hold on his cock for a moment and Hannibal clenched his jaw.

“This appendage… it’s your,” Will paused, searching for the right word.

“Yes, we use it to have sex, to copulate. It’s where the semen leaves our body. It’s very sensitive.”

As if to test it, Will stroked his hand up and down, fingers playing along his shaft and foreskin.

Hannibal let out a small sound, his hips twitching.

The hand went further down and stroked lower, finding his testicles and holding them in his hand.

“And this?”

Sharp spikes of pleasure raced through his body as he felt Will’s fingers exploring and testing the thin skin with its contents. The threat in the firm grip was racking up the excitement in his gut.

“That’s where the semen gets produced. Careful please.”

Will hummed.

“So fragile.”

He took a moment to ponder the fact that he had been called *fragile*, but apparently that was all the small talk Hannibal would get as he felt a slim tentacle wind itself around his throat and further up along his jaw until the soft tip was pressed to his mouth. He opened his lips with a small smile, observing how Will did the same as if unable to do anything but copy the movement.

He sucked the appendage into his mouth, this time concentrating on the texture as he mapped it with his tongue. At first it seemed smooth with a silky quality to the skin, but when the tentacle drew back he suddenly felt it scraping roughly over his lips and tongue. It seemed similar to the skin of a dolphin, he concluded.

Hollowing out his cheeks Hannibal started to suck, encouraging the limb to work its way further into his mouth.

Will let out a small gasp, as he took the offer and pushed deeper right into the tight heat of Hannibal’s throat.

More tentacles started to join in on the fun now, while Will’s hand simply rested around his hard cock. Hannibal could feel them all over his skin, rubbing into dips and crevices, following lines of sinews and veins across his body. The ones covered in suckers had attached themselves all over his torso, the feeling of them pulling at his skin and nipples making him squirm in pleasure.

He opened his eyes again when he felt Will’s other hand on his chest, fingers playing with his chest hair where the waves softly lapped at it in fascination. He was so close now that Hannibal could see all the details he had missed before. His body appeared to be completely smooth besides his wild locks and a shadow of a beard. A prominent chin and a strong square jaw dominated the lower half of his face, while his nose was small and round with asymmetrical nostrils. His lips were thin, but with an elegant swing to his Cupid's Bow. Knobbly ears peaked through the wild array of drying locks. He was beautiful. Hannibal wanted to touch him.

He came out of his reverence when the first tentacle brushed between his ass cheeks and over his opening.

For a tense second he waited to be breached when suddenly, Will let go of his cock, crowded him against the rock and pressed his chest against Hannibal's. Arms wrapped around him and strong hands gripped his ass for a moment, fingers digging into the muscles before moving down to the back of his thighs. Changing tactics, Will switched to the front, hands suddenly gliding under his thighs to lift them up, spreading them until Hannibal's knees were almost pressed against his chest, exposing his taint and hole to the cool water. Will was *everywhere*, his lower body enveloping Hannibal's cock, balls and back to his ass in a swirling mass of tentacles, the feeling pushing a shocked gasp out of his throat.

For a moment, Hannibal had trouble breathing, the feeling of wriggling and lurching movement against his most intimate body parts so overwhelming and foreign his brain didn't know how to process the sensory input. His hard cock twitched and the tentacles reacted by wrapping themselves around his stiff length, countless points of pressure on sensitive skin. He let his head fall back against the rock with a thud, closing his eyes to fully experience what was happening to him.

The appendage in his mouth suddenly withdrew and he sucked in some deep breaths before he managed to open his eyes and stare at Will again, their faces close enough that he could feel his breath on his cheeks. It was cool.

His eyes were a radiant aquamarine blue now and Hannibal could have drowned in them.

"May I kiss you?"

Will frowned. "What is… kiss?" He rolled the word over his tongue with a hiss.

Hannibal was momentarily distracted by the tentacle still pressed against his opening, which had started to rub against his skin in gentle teasing circles as if to remind him that it was still there.

"A touch of lips against lips, sometimes tongue against tongue. It's a gesture of intimacy or closeness, want or simply desire."

Will cocked his head in contemplation, his eyes roaming over Hannibal's face. His tongue appeared to moisten his lips and Hannibal couldn't help but stare at the small movement.

Then he bared his lips and Hannibal saw the razor sharp fangs appearing between them. For a moment he wondered if he'd made a mistake, but before he could take his words back, Will leaned forward.

The first touches of cool against warm lips were careful, hesitant, just a press of skin against skin, both of them waiting for the other predator to bite down and tear out flesh. When that didn't happen, Hannibal pressed forward and opened his mouth, flicking his tongue over closed lips, tasting salt and ocean water.

Will flinched away, eyes wide. His tongue followed the path Hannibal's had taken.

"I'm not sure I like that."

Hannibal ignored the stab of disappointment and nodded.

“We don’t have to do it again.” He waited for a moment. “We can continue without it.”

Will smirked at that and a moment later the hands under his knees tightened and the ever present tentacle pushed through his ring of muscles and entered his ass, forcing a gasp out of his throat.

It was one of the thinner ones, so the sting was not worth mentioning, but the coolness of the it sent sparks into his core.

The intrusion was dry, the water not helping in making things much smoother and he felt his rim being dragged along with the movement. The tentacle didn’t go far. Instead it seemed to curl around itself right behind his entrance, making itself bigger and rounder, stretching him that way.

Hannibal closed his eyes to slits, watching Will’s face. It clearly showed his pleasure at entering the heat of his insides and Hannibal felt his body flush with a new wave of heat, fighting against the cool water surrounding him.

More and more of the length entered him, curling, moving, winding itself into the first few inches of his ass until he felt full and stretched. His hips twitched every time the limb pressed against his prostate. His cock throbbed with the pulse of his blood being pumped through his body.

After a few moments, Will leaned close again, pressing his nose to Hannibal’s neck to take a deep breath.

“You smell good. Enticing. Warm. You are so warm.” He sounded almost as if in trance.

The sudden press of lips against his mouth was a surprise, but he took it gladly. With gentle movements of his lips he slid over smooth skin, tasting, feeling.

Will’s hands got replaced by thick tentacles holding his knees apart, spreading him until he could feel the sting in his thighs. A tongue pressed between his lips and he opened wide, letting Will in, letting him taste and lick as much as he desired. Slender fingers started to brush over his stomach, his sides, up to his chest, dislodging tentacles on their way.

The countless smaller ones around his cock and balls started up again, playing with his foreskin, dipping into it to glide over the sensitive head of his cock and the small vibrating groan in his chest only seemed to spur them on.

The tentacle lodged in his ass felt like a huge ball by now, stuck between his rim and the entrance to his guts, a constantly moving pressure on his prostate.

Hannibal didn’t know which feeling to concentrate on first and with a shudder, he broke the kiss and dropped his head forwards onto Will’s shoulder. The tentacles around his throat and torso let him, but his arms were still pressed to the rock at his sides. He ignored the strain in

his shoulders in favor of taking a deep breath of Will's skin. He could see Will's gills hidden behind his ears and Hannibal wished he could examine them closer.

Will had frozen and his hands were spread against his chest, holding him in position, but not pushing Hannibal away.

"I think I do like this kiss," he murmured.

Then he seemed to recover and his arms wrapped around his back, fingers digging into his muscles, while his nose pressed into Hannibal's wet hair, breathing him in.

The sudden thrust of the tentacle inside him past the barrier to his guts made Hannibal groan, the pressure for a moment overwhelming and painful. He took a deep breath and tried to relax every muscle in his body.

The time for *slow* seemed to be over now. He could feel the unyielding heaviness moving further into him, while a second and third limb prodded his entrance, forcefully pushing in after just a few moments. He hissed at the sharp strain that was accompanied by a trickle of cool water into his channel. The contrast to his body temperature was striking.

Suddenly, Hannibal's arms were released and he sagged forwards, instinctively winding them around Will's neck in search for stability. Will made a surprised sound at that and he let Hannibal slip down, his weight impaling him further on the tentacles.

By now Hannibal could feel the pressure moving deep into his guts and he was quite sure he'd be able to feel it moving through his skin and muscles were he to press a hand to his stomach. The thought of being used and filled like that by Will sent a fiery tension along his spine and his hips twitched. The danger of simply being ripped apart became more palpable.

Will's rough voice pulled him out of his deep concentration. "You like being so full? Having me so deep in your body?"

Hannibal could only groan, reluctant to admit his apprehensions and risk the end to their encounter one way or the other. He tightened his hold on Will's shoulders and buried his hands in Will's hair, pulling them even closer together until he could wrap his calves around the strong body in front of him. Will's hard stomach pressed against his own, which heightened his awareness of Will moving in him.

Will's hand slipped down his back to his ass, fingers stroking into his crack to feel where he was held open by the tentacles, fingering his stretched rim in small teasing movements.

"Please," he gasped.

Hannibal had no idea what he was asking for. More. Less. Deeper. The pleasure was racking up in his body as the small tentacles started to stroke his cock with more vigor, while one of them prodded at his slit in tiny movements, dipping in gently.

Will hummed.

“I wonder how much you would be able to take before you break. You would let me try, wouldn’t you? So curious to test your own limits.”

Hannibal flattened his tongue against Will’s neck in reply, licking up over his Adam’s apple to his gills, tasting sea water, salt and something else. Something that tasted *alive*.

A viciously deep thrust pressed a shocked sound out of him but the movement stopped as suddenly as it had started and everything seemed to freeze for a moment. Hannibal shifted carefully, trying to find a more comfortable position with the thick pressure stuck in his guts.

Will’s hands started to roam over his back almost gently, stabilizing him and with surprise he felt Will withdraw.

“Will?” he murmured into cool skin.

“I’m testing something. Keep quiet.”

Hannibal tensed at the calculating tone of voice and waited with held breath. The sudden shift in pace had him thrown, not knowing what to expect now.

Will shifted and pressed Hannibal closer to the rock while his tentacles slithered out from his body, leaving him open and empty. Only a single one thrust back into him a moment later, swirling in him in wild rotary motions.

Hannibal took in a sharp breath when it found his prostate and that must have been what Will was looking for, because he found himself writhing in an onslaught of pleasure as his prostate got attacked relentlessly.

He moaned low in his throat, hands clawing at Will’s back in desperation.

A hand worked through his hair and forced his head back with a hard grip. Eyes roamed over his face and Hannibal could clearly see fascination on Will’s face.

“That sounds better,” he said with a satisfied smile as Hannibal twitched in his arms.

Hannibal felt his orgasm approaching like a tsunami wave, powerful and unstoppable and he didn’t hold back the moans and gasps as it was clearly what Will wanted to hear. Will leaned close and started to sweep his tongue in broad licks all over his chest and up to his neck as if he wanted to feel the vibrations the sounds caused. His other hand pushed the tentacles wrapped around his cock away and started to jerk him off with a firm and unrelenting grip.

It didn’t take long before Hannibal’s muscles locked up and his back arched as his orgasm swept over him. Heat pulsed through his body and Will leaned up to lick his groan from his lips.

Everything went still afterwards. Their lips stopped moving, just resting against each other, breathing in their scents with closed eyes. Will’s hands had let go of his cock and his hair and were lying still on his hips. The tentacle in him became motionless, just a weight holding him open, resting in him and Hannibal knew he would feel dreadfully empty once it left his body.

Finally Hannibal started to feel the coolness of the water sucking the heat out of him. His skin was wrinkled and soaked in places and he knew he had to get out of the water soon or he'd risk his body temperature sinking too low.

He shifted back to look at Will's face.

There was an almost gentle smile gracing Will's lips and Hannibal smiled in return.

"I hope it was as pleasurable for you as it was for me," he said in the end.

Will just gave him a noncommittal hum.

"I have decided not to eat you. You are interesting. I have never met a predator of your kind."

Hannibal felt his chest swell.

"Thank you, Will. I appreciate it."

They regarded each other for some time, before the tentacle dislodged from his body and left him empty and cold.

Will lifted his hand and a finger stroked over his lips. "Your lips are turning blue."

"I should leave the water to warm up. Humans can't stay too long in water that is as cool as this. We die of hypothermia."

In response, the tentacles tightened their hold on him and Hannibal felt himself lifted up and back onto the rock effortlessly before they unwound and slipped back into the water.

Hannibal immediately shook out his blanket and wrapped himself in the soft fabric before he sat down again.

"When you like heat so much, why don't you move south to warmer waters?" he asked, hoping Will would be more amenable to answering his questions now.

Will's eyes were sharp as they measured him.

"Warm water is harder to breathe. I like the warmth, but I'm not made for it," he finally answered, sounding wistfully.

"I see."

Hannibal shivered and he knew he had to go back to his house to warm himself up more thoroughly. The salt water made the cut on his leg sting.

"We could meet again. I like providing you with warmth in any way you like," he hesitated here. "Have you ever had human food? It is often warm and maybe you would enjoy it."

Will cocked his head in thought, his face intense in its concentration. Hannibal looked back, meeting the gaze head on, hoping whatever Will would see would get him to agree.

When he finally nodded, Hannibal couldn’t stop the intense feeling of triumph.

“How will I be able to reach you?” he asked. The slight shaking in his voice reminding him to hurry up.

Will smirked.

“I think the method you used this time was effective. I could taste you for miles. I will be around,” he said and vanished with a soft splash. The water calmed down almost immediately, leaving no trace of Will and what they’d done.

Hannibal dried himself quickly and put on his suit hurriedly. His thoughts were racing with countless possibilities.

What meals could he offer Will, would he drink, would Will agree to show him how he hunted and killed, could he perhaps show Will one of his own kills, maybe they could hunt *together*.

With an elated swing in his step he made his way back to his house. He felt content with the way this had turned out. Maybe he would stay a few more years in Baltimore and if the time came to change location, maybe he could convince Will to cross the world with him. There were enough places on earth with shores and temperatures suitable for him.

Hannibal smiled to himself. Life was indeed good.

Chapter End Notes

I'm leaving the question mark, because I have the feeling there will be more coming when the muse strikes again. It's gonna be a while though, so don't hold your breath right now! <3

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